

LEE'S
—
TRAGEDY OF
ALEXANDER THE GREAT,

REVISED BY

J. P. KEMBLE,

AND ACTED BY

THEIR MAJESTIES SERVANTS,

AT THE

THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.



London:

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1796.

[Price One Shilling.]



DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

M E N.

Alexander,	-	-	Mr. KEMBLE,
Clytus,	-	-	Mr. BENSLEY,
Cassandra,	-	-	Mr. PALMER,
Lysimachus,	-	-	Mr. BARRYMORE,
Hephestion,	-	-	Mr. C. KEMBLE,
Polyperchon,	-	-	Mr. CAULFIELD,
Thessalus,	-	-	Mr. MADDOCKS,
Perdiccas,	-	-	Mr. WHITFIELD,
Eumenes,	-	-	Mr. BENSON,
Aristander,	-	-	Mr. PACKER,
Slave,	-	-	Mr. TRUEMAN,

W O M E N.

Syfigambis,	-	-	Mrs. HOPKINS,
Statira,	-	-	Mrs. POWELL,
Roxana,	-	-	Mrs. SIDDONS,
Parisatis,	-	-	Miss MILLER.

Officers, Guards, Attendants, Youths, and Virgins.

SCENE—BABYLON.

DRAVATIS PERGAMEN

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ALEXANDER THE GREAT.

ACT I.—SCENE I.

ALEXANDER'S CAMP BEFORE BABYLON.

Hephestion and Lysimachus fighting, Clytus parting them.

Clyt. **W**HAT, are you madmen? This a time for
quarrel?

Put up, I say—Or, by the gods that form'd me,
He, who refuses, makes a foe of Clytus.

Lyf. I have his sword.

Clyt. But must not have his life.

Lyf. Must not, old Clytus!

Clyt. Hair-brain'd boy, you must not.

Heph. Lend me thy sword, thou father of the war,
Thou far-fam'd guard of Alexander's life.

Curse on this weak, unexecuting arm!

Lend it, old Clytus, to redeem my fame;

Lysimachus is brave, and else will scorn me.

Lyf. There, take thy sword; and, since thou'rt bent on
Know, 'tis thy glory that thou diest by me. [death,

Clyt. Stay thee, Lysimachus; Hephestion, hold;
I bar you both; my body interpos'd;

Now, let me see, which of you dares to strike.—

By Jove, you've sturr'd the old man!—that rash arm,
That first advances, moves against the gods,
And our great King, whose deputy I stand.

Lyf. Some proper time must terminate our quarrel.

Heph. And cure the bleeding wounds my honour
bears.

Clyt.

Clyt. Some prop'rer time ! 'tis false—no hour is proper;
 No time should see a brave man do amiss.
 Say, what's the noble cause of all this madness ?
 What vast ambition blows the dangerous fire ?
 Why, a vain, smiling, whining, coz'ning woman.
 By all my triumphs, in the heat of youth,
 When towns were sack'd and beauties prostrate lay,
 When my blood boil'd, and nature work'd me high,
 Clytus ne'er bow'd his body to such shame;
 I knew 'em, and despis'd their cobweb arts :
 The whole sex is not worth a soldier's thought.

Lyf. Our cause of quarrel may to thee seem light ;
 But know, a less has set the world in arms.

Clyt. Yes ; Troy, they tell us, by a woman fell.
 Curse on the sex, they are the bane of virtue !
 Death ! I had rather this right arm were lost,
 Than that the king should hear of your imprudence—
 What, on a day thus set apart for triumph !

Lyf. We were, indeed, to blame.

Clyt. This memorable day !—
 When our hot master, whose impatient soul
 Out-rides the sun, and sighs for other worlds
 To spread his conquests, and diffuse his glory,
 Now bids the trumpet for a while be silent,
 And plays with monarchs, whom he us'd to drive ;
 Shall we, by broils, awake him into rage,
 And rouse the lion that has ceas'd to roar ?

Lyf. Clytus, thou'rt right—put up thy sword, He-
 Had passion not eclips'd the light of reason, [pheftion :
 Untold we might this consequence have seen.

Heph. Why has not reason power to conquer love ?
 Why are we thus enslav'd ?

Clyt. Because unmann'd ;
 Because ye follow Alexander's steps.
 Heavens ! that a face should thus bewitch his soul,
 And ruin all that's great and godlike in it !
 Talk be my bane ; yet the old man must talk ;
 Not so he lov'd, when he at Issus fought,
 And join'd in mighty combat with Darius,
 Whom from his chariot, flaming all with gems,
 He hurl'd to earth, and catch'd the imperial crown.
 'Twas not the shaft of love perform'd thatfeat ;

He

He knew no Cupids then. Now, mark the change;
 A brace of rival queens embroil the court;
 And, while each hand is thus employ'd in beauty,
 Where has he room for glory?

Heph. In his heart.

Clyt. Well said young minion!—I, indeed, forgot
 To whom I spoke—But Syfigambis comes,
 Now is your time; for with her comes an idol
 That claims your homage—I'll attend the king [Ex. Cly.

Enter Syfigambis and Parisatis.

Sys. Why will you wound me with your fond scorn—
 And urge a suit that I can never grant?—plaints,
 You know, my child, 'tis Alexander's will;
 Here he demands you for his lov'd Hephestion.
 To disobey him might enflame his wrath,
 And plunge our house in ruins yet unknown.

Par. To sooth this god, and charm him into temper,
 Is there no victim, none but Parisatis?
 Must I be doom'd to wretchedness and woe,
 That others may enjoy the conqueror's smiles?
 Oh, if you ever lov'd my royal father,
 And sure you did, your gushing tears proclaim it,
 If still his name be dear, have pity on me!
 He would not thus have forc'd me to despair;
 Indeed he would not; had I begg'd him thus,
 He would have heard me, ere my heart was broke.

Sys. When will my sufferings end? Oh, when ye gods!
 For sixty rolling years, my soul has stood
 The dread vicissitudes of fate unmov'd;
 I thought 'em your decrees, and therefore yielded.
 But this last trial, as it springs from folly
 Exceeds my suff'rance, and I must complain.

Lyf. When Syfigambis mourns, no common woe
 Can be the cause; 'tis misery indeed.
 Yet, pardon, mighty queen, a wretched prince,
 Who thus presumes to plead the cause of love,
 Beyond my life, beyond the world I prize
 Fair Parisatis—Hear me, I conjure you!
 As you have authoriz'd Hephestion's vows,

Reject

Reject not mine ; grant me but equal leave
To serve the Princeſs, and let love decide.

Heph. A blessing like the beauteous Parisis
Whole years of ſervice, and the world's wide empire,
With all the blood that circles in our veins,
Can never merit ; therefore, in my favour
I begg'd the king to interpoſe his int'reſt ;
Therefor I begg'd your majesties affiſtance ;
Your word is paſt, and all my hopes reſt on't.

Lyſi. Periſh ſuch hopes ! for love's a generous paſſion,
Which ſeeks the happiness of her we love,
Beyond th'enjoyment of our own deſires ;
Nor kings nor parents here have ought to do.
Love owns no influence, and diſdains controul ;
Let them stand neuter, and 'tis all I aſk.

Heph. Such arrogance, did Alexander woo,
Would loſe him all the conqueſts he has won.

Lyſi. To talk of conqueſts well becomes the man,
Whose life and ſword are but his rival's gift.

Syſi. It grieves me brave Lysimachus, to find
My power fall ſhort of my deſires to ſerve you ;
You know, Hepheſtian first declar'd his love,
And 'tis as true, I promis'd him my aid.
Your glorious king, his mighty advocate,
Became himſelf an humble ſuppliant for him.
Forget her, prince, and triumph o'er your paſſion ;
A conqueſt worthy of a ſoul like thine.

Lyſi. Forget her, Madam ! ſooner shall the ſun
Forget to ſhine, and tumble from his ſphere.
Farewell, great queen — my honour now demands
That Alexander ſhould himſelf explain
That wond'rous merit which exalts his fav'rite,
And caſts Lysimachus at ſuch a diſtance. [Exit Lyſi.

Syſi. In this wild tranſport of ungovern'd paſſion,
Too far, I fear, he will incenſe the king.
Is Alexander yet, my lord, arriv'd ?

Heph. Madam, I know not ; but Caſſander comes ;
He may, perhaps, inform us.

Syſi. I would ſhun him :
Something there is, I know not why, that ſhocks me.
Something my nature shrinks at, when I ſee him. [Exeunt.
Enter

ALEXANDER THE GREAT.

Enter Cassander.

Cass. The face of day now blushes scarlet deep,
Now blackens into night. The low'ring sun,
As if the dreadful business he foreknew,
Drives heavily his sable chariot on ;
All nature seems alarm'd for Alexander.
Why be it so. Her pangs proclaim my triumph.
My soul's first wishes are to startle fate,
And strike amazement through the host of heav'n.
A mad Chaldean, with a flaming torch,
Came to my bed last night, and bellowing o'er me,
Well had it been for Babylon, he cried,
If curst Cassander never had been born.

Enter Thesealus.

How now, dear Thesealus, what packet's that ?

These. From Macedon, a trusty slave just brought it,
Your father chides us for our cold delay ;
He says Craterus, by the king's appointment,
Comes, in his room, to govern Macedon,
Which nothing but the tyrant's death can hinder.
Therefore he bids us boldly strike at once,
Or quit our purpose, and confess our fears.

Cass. Is not his fate resolv'd ? this night he dies ;
And thus my father but foretells my purpose.
How am I slow then ? If I rode on thunder,
Wing'd as the lightning, it would ask some moments,
Ere I could blast the growth of this Colossus.

These. Mark where the haughty Polyphercon comes !
Some new affront by Alexander given
Swells in his heart, and stings him into madness.

Cass. Now, now's our time ; he must, he shall be our's ;
His haughty soul will kindle at his wrongs,
Blaze into rage, and glory in revenge.

Enter Polypherchon.

Poly. Still as I pass, fresh murmurs fill my ears ;
All talk of wrongs, and mutter their complaints.
Poor soul-less reptiles ! — their revenge expires
In idle threats — the fortitude of cowards !
Their province is to talk ; 'tis mine to act,

B

And

And shew this tyrant, when he dar'd to wrong me,
He wrong'd a man whose attribute is vengeance.

Cass. All nations bow their heads with servile homage,
And kiss the feet of this exalted man.
The name, the shout, the blast from ev'ry mouth
Is Alexander ! Alexander stuns
The list'ning ear, and drowns the voice of heav'n.
The earth's commanders fawn like crouching spaniels ;
And if this hunter of the barbarous world
But wind himself a god, all echo him
With universal cry.

Poly. I fawn, or echo him !
Cassander, no ; my soul disdains the thought ;
Let eastern slaves, or prostituted Greeks,
Crouch at his feet, or tremble if he frown ;
When Polyperchon can descend so low,
False to that honour which through fields of death
I still have courted, where the fight was fiercest,
Be scorn my portion, infamy my lot !

Thes. The king may doom me to a thousand tortures,
Ply me with fire, and rack me like Philotas,
Ere I shall stoop to idolize his pride.

Cass. Not Aristander, had he rais'd all hell,
Cou'd more have shock'd my soul, than thou hast done,
By the bare mention of Philotas' murder.
Oh, Polyperchon, how shall I describe it !
Did not your eyes rain blood to see the hero ?
Did not your spirits burst with smothered vengeance,
To see thy noble fellow warrior tortur'd ?
Yet, without groaning, or a tear, endure
The torments of the damn'd ? Oh, death to think it !
We saw him bruis'd, we saw his bones laid bare,
His veins wide lanc'd, and the poor quiv'ring flesh
With fiery pincers from his bosom torn,
Till all beheld where the great heart lay panting !

Poly. Yet all like statues stood, cold lifeless statues,
As if the fight had froze us into marble ;
When, with collected rage, we should have flown
To instant vengeance on the ruthless cause,
And plung'd a thousand daggers in his heart.

Cass. At our last banquet, when the bowl had gone
The giddy round, and wine inflam'd my spirits,

I saw

I saw Craterus and Hephestion enter
 In Persian robes; to Alexander's health
 They largely drank; and, falling at his feet,
 With impious adoration thus address'd
 Their idol god. Hail, son of thund'ring Jove!
 Hail, first of kings! young Ammon, live for ever!
 Then kiss'd the ground; on which I laugh'd aloud,
 And scoffing, ask'd 'em, why they kiss'd no harder.
 Whereon the tyrant, starting from his throne,
 Spurn'd me to earth, and stamping on my neck,
 Learn thou to kiss it, was his fierce reply;
 While with his foot he press'd me to the earth,
 Till I lay welt'ring in a foam of blood.

Poly. Thus when I mock'd the Persians that ador'd him,
 He struck me on the face, swung me around,
 And bid his guards chastise me like a slave.
 But if he 'scape my vengeance, may he live,
 Great as that god whose name he thus prophanes!
 And like a slave may I be beaten,
 Scoff'd as I pass, and branded for a coward!

Caff. There spoke the spirit of Calisthenes.
 Remember, he's a man, his flesh as penetrable
 As any girl's, and wounded too as soon;
 To give him death no thunders are required:
 Struck by a stone young Jupiter has fall'n,
 A sword has pierc'd him, and the blood has follow'd;
 Nay, we have seen an hundred common ailments
 Bring this immortal to the gates of death.

Poly. Oh, let us not delay the glorious business;
 Our wrongs are great, and honour calls for vengeance.

Caff. This day exulting Babylon receives
 The mighty robber—with him comes Roxana,
 Fierce haughty fair! On his return from India,
 Artful she met him in the height of triumph,
 And by a thousand wiles at Susa kept him,
 In all the luxury of eastern revels.

Poly. How bore Statira his revolted love?
 For, if I err not, e'er the king espous'd her,
 She made him promise to renounce Roxana.

Theb. No words can paint the anguish it occasion'd;
 Ev'n Syrigambis wept, while the wrong'd queen,
 Struck to the heart, fell lifeless on the ground.

Cass. When the first tumult of her grief was laid,
 I sought to fire her into wild revenge;
 And to that end, with all the art I could,
 Describ'd his passion for the bright Roxana.
 But though I could not to my wish inflame her,
 Thus far at least her jealousy will help;
 She'll give him troubles that perhaps may end him,
 And set the court in universal uproar.
 But see, she comes. Our plots begin to ripen.
 Now: hange the vizor, every one disperse,
 And, with a face of friendship, meet the king: [Exit].

Enter Syfigambis, Statira, and Parisatis.

Stat. Oh, for a dagger, a draught of poison, flames!
 Swell, heart! break, break, thou wretched stubborn
 Now, by the sacred fire, I'll not be held:— [thing]
 Pray, give me leave to walk.

Syf. Is there no reverence to my person due?
 Trust me, Statira, had thy father liv'd,
 Darius wou'd have heard me;

Stat. Oh, he's false;
 This glorious man, this wonder of the world,
 Is to his love, and ev'ry god foresworn.
 Oh, I have heard him breathe such ardent vows,
 Out-weep the morning with his dewy eyes,
 And sigh and swear the list'ning stars away.

Syf. Believe not rumour, 'tis impossible;
 Thy Alexander is renown'd for truth,
 Above deceit —

Stat. Away, and let me die.
 'Twas but my fondness, 'twas my easy nature
 Wou'd have excus'd him—but away such weakness—
 Are not his falsehoods, and Statira's wrongs,
 A subject canvass'd in the mouths of millions?
 The babbling world can talk of nothing else.
 Why, Alexander, why woud'st thou deceive me?
 Have I not lov'd thee, cruel as thou art!
 Have I not kiss'd thy wounds with dying fondness,
 Bath'd 'em in tears, and bound 'em with my hair?
 Whole nights I've sat and watch'd thee as a child,
 Lull'd thy fierce pains, and sung thee to repose.

Parke

Pari. If man can thus renounce the solemn ties
Of sacred love, who wou'd regard his vows?

Stat. Regard his vows! the monster, traitor! Oh,
I will forsake the haunts of men, converse
No more with aught that's human; dwell with darkness;
For since the sight of him is now unwelcome,
What has the world to give Statira joy?
Yet I must tell thee, perjur'd as he is,
Not the soft breezes of the genial spring,
The fragrant violet, or op'ning rose,
Are half so sweet as Alexander's breath.
Then he will talk—good gods, how he will talk!
He speaks the kindest words, and looks such things,
Vows with such passion, swears with such a grace,
That it is heav'n to be deluded by him.

Syf. Her sorrows must have way.

Stat. Roxana then enjoys my perjur'd love;
Roxana clasps my monarch in her arms,
Doats on my conqueror, my dear lord, my king.
Oh, 'tis too much! by Heav'n I cannot bear it!
I'll die, or rid me of the burning torture.
Hear me, bright god of day, hear ev'ry god,—

Syf. Take heed, Statira; weigh it well, my child,
Ere desperate love enforces you to swear.

Stat. Oh, fear not that, already have I weigh'd it;
And, in the presence here of Heav'n and you,
Renounce all converse with perfidious man.
Farewel, ye cozeners of our easy sex!
And thou, the falsest of the faithless kind,
Farewel, for ever! Oh, farewell! farewell!
If I but mention him the tears will flow.
How couldst thou, cruel, wrong a heart like mine,
Thus fond, thus doting, ev'n to madness on thee!

Syf. Clear up thy griefs, thy Alexander comes,
Triumphant in the spoils of conquer'd India;
This day the hero enters Babylon.

Stat. Why, let him come: all eyes will gaze with rap-
All hearts will joy to see the victor pass; [ture,
All but the wretched, the forlorn Statira.

Syf. Wilt thou not see him then?

Pari. Not see the king?

Stat. I swear, and Heav'n be witness to my vow,

Never

Never from this sad hour, never to see,
 Nor speak, no, nor, if possible, to think
 Of Alexander more : this is my vow,
 And when I break it —

Syf. Do not ruin all.

Stat. May I again be perjur'd and deluded !
 May furies rend my heart ! may light'nings blast me !

Syf. Recal, my child, the dreadful imprecation.

Stat. No, I will publish it through all the court ;
 Then, in the bow'rs of great Semiramis,
 Retire for ever from the treacherous world.
 There from man's fight will I conceal my woes,
 And seek in solitude a calm repose.
 Nor pray'rs, nor tears, shall my resolves controul,
 Nor love itself, that tyrant of the soul.

[*Exeunt.*

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—A TRIUMPHAL ARCH AT THE ENTRANCE INTO BABYLON.

Enter Alexander in a triumphal Car ; Trophies and war-like ensigns in procession before him ; Clytus, Hephestion, Lysimachus, Cassander, Polyperchon, Thessalus, Eumenes, Chorus of Priests, Youths and Virgins, Guards, and Attendants.

I.

SEE, the conquering hero comes ;
 Sound the trumpets, beat the drums ;
 Sports prepare, the laurel bring,
 Songs of triumph to him sing.

II.

II.

See the godlike youth advance ;
 Breathe the flute, and lead the dance ;
 Myrtles wreath, and roses twine,
 To deck the hero's brow divine.

Heph. Hail, son of Jove ! great Alexander, hail !
Alex. Rise all ; and thou, my second self, my friend,
 Oh, my Hephaestion !—raise thee from the earth !
 Come to my arms, and hide thee in my heart ;
 Nearer, yet nearer, else thou lov'st me not.

Heph. Not love my king ! bear witness, all ye powers,
 And let your thunder nail me to the centre,
 If sacred friendship ever burn'd more brightly !
 Immortal bosoms can alone admit
 A flame more pure, more permanent than mine.

Alex. Thou dearer to me than my groves of laurel !
 I know thou lov'st thy Alexander more,
 Than Clytus does the king.

Lys. Now for my fate !
 I see that death awaits me—yet I'll on.
 Dread Sir, I cast me at your royal feet.

Alex. Rise, my Lysimachus ; thy veins and mine
 From the same fountain have deriv'd their streams.
 Rise to my arms, and let thy king embrace thee.
 Is not that Clytus ?

Clyt. Your old faithful soldier.

Alex. Clytus, thy hand ;—thy hand, Lysimachus ;
 Thus double-arm'd, methinks,
 I stand tremendous as the Lybian god,
 Who, while his priests and I quaff'd sacred blood,
 Acknowledg'd me his son ; my lightning thou,
 And thou, my mighty thunder. I have seen
 Thy glitt'ring sword out-fly celestial fire ;
 And, when I've cry'd, Begone, and execute,
 I've seen him run swifter than starting hinds,
 Nor bent the tender grass beneath his feet.

Lys. When fame invites, and Alexander leads,
 Dangers and toils but animate the brave.

Clyt. Perish the soldier, inglorious and despis'd,
 Who starts from either, when the king cries—on !

Alex. Oh, Clytus ! Oh, my noble veteran !

Twas

'Twas, I remember, when pass'd the Granicus,
Thy arm preserv'd me from unequal force;
When fierce Itanor and the bold Rhesaces,
Fell both upon me with two mighty blows,
And clove my temper'd helmet quite asunder,
Then, like a god, flew Clytus to my aid,
Thy thunder struck Rhesaces to the ground,
And turn'd with ready vengeance on Itanor.

Clyt. To your own deeds that victory you owe,
And sure your arms did never boast a nobler.

Alex. By Heav'n, they never did: they never can;
And I am prouder to have pass'd that stream,
Than to have driven a million o'er the plain.
Can none remember,—Yes, I know all must—
When glory, like the dazzling eagle, stood
Perch'd on my beaver in the Granic flood;
When fortune's self my standard trembling bore,
And the pale fates stood frighted on the shore;
When each immortal on the billows rode,
And I myself appear'd the leading god.

Enter Aristander.

Aris. Haste, first of heroes, from this fatal place;
Far, far from Babylon, enjoy your triumph,
Or all the glories, which your youth has won,
Are blasted in their spring.

Alex. What mean thy fears?
And why that wild distraction on thy brow?

Aris. This morn, great king, I view'd the angry sky,
And, frighted at the direful prodigies,
To Orosmades for instruction flew;
But as I pray'd, deep echoing groans I heard,
And shrieks, as of the damn'd that howl for sin.
Shock'd at the omen, while amaz'd I lay
In prostrate rev'rence on the trembling floor,
Thus spoke the god:
The brightest glory of imperial man,
The pride of nations, and the boast of fame,
Remorseless fate in Babylon has doom'd
To sudden and irrevocable ruini.

Alex. If Heav'n ordains, that Babylon must fall,
Can I prevent the immutable decree?

Enter

Enter Perdiccas.

Perd. Oh, horror! horror! Dreadful and portentous!

Alex. How now, Perdiccas! Whence this exclamation?

Perd. As Meleager and myself, this morn,
Led forth the Persian horse to exercise, would I say,
We heard a noise as of a rushing wind,
When suddenly a flight of baleful birds, I said I saw,
Like a thick cloud, obscur'd the face of heav'n;
On sounding wings from diff'rent parts they flew,
Encount'ring met, and battled in the air;
Their talons clash'd, their beaks gave mighty blows,
And show'rs of blood fell copious from their wounds.

Alex. Though all the curtains of the sky were drawn,
And the stars wink, young Ammon shall go on;
While my Statira shines, I cannot stray,
Love lifts his torch to light me on my way,
And her bright eyes create another day.

Lys. Vouchsafe, dread Sir, to hear my humble suit,
A prince intreats it, and what's more, your kinsman.

Alex. A soldier asks it; that's the noblest claim.

Lys. For all the services my sword has done,
Humbly I beg the Prince's Parfatis.

Alex. Lysimachus, no more;—it is not well;—
My word, you know, is to Hephestion given;
How dare you then—but let me hear no more on't.

Lys. At your command, to scale th'embattled wall,
Or fetch the gore-dy'd standard from the foe,
When has Hephestion flown with warmer zeal?
When did he leave Lysimachus behind?
These I have done, for these were in my pow'r;
But when you charge me to renounce my love,
And from my thoughts to banish Parfatis,
Obedience there becomes impossible;
Nature revolts, and my whole soul rebels.

Alex. It does, brave Sir!—Now hear me, and be dumb!
When by my order curst Callisthenes
Was as a traitor doom'd to live in torments,
Your pity spod him in despight of me.
Think not, I have forgot your insolence.
No; though I pardon'd it,—yet, if again
Thou dar'st to cross me with another crime,
The bolts of fury shall be doubled on thee.

In the mean time,—think not of Parisatis ;
 For if thou dost—by the immortal Ammon !
 I'll not regard that blood of mine thou shar'st,
 But use thee as the vilest Macedonian.

Lys. I knew you partial, ere I mov'd my suit ;
 Yet know, it shakes not my determin'd purpose ;
 While I have life and strength to wield a sword,
 I never will forego the glorious claim.

Alex. Against my life—ha ! traitor, was it so ?
 'Tis said, that I am rash, of hasty humour ;
 But I appeal to the immortal gods,
 If ever petty, poor, provincial lord
 Had temper like to mine ? My slave, whom I
 Could tread to clay, dares utter bloody threats.

Clyt. Forgive, dread Sir, the frantic warmth of love ;
 The noble prince, I read it in his eyes,
 Wou'd die a thousand deaths to serve his king,
 And justify his loyalty and truth.

Lys. I meant, his minion there should feel my arm,
 Love claims his blood, nor shall he live to triumph
 In that destruction that awaits his rival.

Alex. I pardon thee, for my old Clytus's sake ;
 But if once more thou mention thy rash love,
 Or dar'st attempt Hephestion's precious life,
 I'll pour such storms of indignation on thee,
 Philotas' task, Calisthenes' disgrace,
 Shall be delights, to what thou shalt endure.

Clyt. My lord, the aged queen, with Parisatis,
 Come to congratulate your safe arrival.

Enter Syrigambis and Parisatis.

Alex. Oh, thou, the best of women, Syrigambis,
 Source of my joy, blest parent of my love !

Syr. In humble duty to the gods and you,
 Permit us, Sir, with gratitude to bow.
 Through you the royal house of Persia shines,
 Rais'd from the depth of wretchedness and ruin,
 In all the splendour of imperial greatness.

Alex. To meet me thus, was generously done ;
 But still there wants, to crown my happiness,
 That treasure of my soul, my dear Statira ;

Had

ALEXANDER THE GREAT.

Had she but come to meet her Alexander,
I had been blest indeed.

Clyt. Now who shall dare
To tell him of the queen's vow?

Alex. How fares
My love?—Ha! neither answer me! all silent!

A sudden horror, like a bolt of ice,
Shoots to my heart, and numbs the seat of life.

Heph. I would relate it, but my courage fails me.

Alex. Why stand you all as you were rooted here?
What, will none answer? my Hephestion filet it?
If thou hast any love for Alexander;
If ever I oblig'd thee by my care,
When through the field of death my eye has watched thee
Resolve my doubts, and rescue me from madness.

Heph. Your mourning queen has no disease but grief.
Occasion'd by the jealous pangs of love.
She heard, dread Sir, (for what can 'scape a lover?)
That you, regardless of your vows, at Susa,
Had to Roxana's charms resign'd your heart,
And revell'd in the joys you once forswore.

Alex. I own, the subtle sorceress, in my riot,
My reason gone, seduc'd me to her bed;
But, when I wak'd, I shook the Circe off,
Nor griev'd I less for that which I had done,
Than when at Thais suit, enraged with wine,
I set the fam'd Persepolis on fire.

Heph. Your queen Statira, in the rage of grief,
And agony of desp'rate love, has sworn,
Never to see your Majesty again.

Alex. Oh, Madam, has she, has Statira sworn
Never to see her Alexander more?
Impossible! she cou'd not, wou'd not swear it.
Is she not gentle as the guileless infant,
Mild as the genial breezes of the spring,
And softer than the melting sighs of love?

Pari. With sorrow, Sir, I heard the solemn vow;
My mother heard it, and in vain adjur'd her,
By every tender motive, to recal it.

Syb. But with that fierceness she resents her wrongs,
Dwells on your fault, and heightens the offence,
That I could wish your majesty forget her.

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Alex. Ha, could you wish me to forget Statira, the star which brightens Alexander's life, and need but His guide by day, and goddess of his nights! I feel her now; she beats in every pulse, Throbs at my heart, and circles with my blood.

Syf. Have patience, Sir, and trust to Heav'n and me; If my authority has any influence, I will exert it, and she shall be yours.

Alex. Haste, Madam, haste, if you would have me live; Fly, ere, for ever, the abjure the world, And stop the sad procession.—Parisatis, Hang thou about her, wash her feet with tears. Nay, haste; the breath of gods, and eloquence Of angels, go along with you. [Exeunt Syligambis and Parisatis.

Lys. Now let your majesty, who feels the pangs Of disappointed love, reflect on mine.

Alex. Ha!

Clyt. What, are you mad? Is this a time to plead?

Lys. The prop'rest time; he dares not now be partial,

Left Heav'n, in justice, should avenge my wrongs,

And double ev'ry pang which he feels now.

Alex. Why dost thou tempt me thus to thy undoing? Death thou shouldst have, were it not courted so. But know, to thy confusion, that my word, Like destiny, admits of no repeal: Therefore in chains shalt thou behold the nuptials Of my Hephestion. Guards, take him prisoner.

[The Guards seize Lysimachus.]

Lys. Away, ye slaves, I'll not resign my sword, Till first I've drench'd it in my rival's blood.

Alex. I charge you kill him not; take him alive; The dignity of kings is now concern'd,

And I will find a way to tame this rebel.

Clyt. Kneel—for I see rage lightning in his eyes.

Lys. I neither hope, nor will I sue for pardon; Had I my sword and liberty again,

Again I would attempt his favourite's heart.

Alex.

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Alex. Hence, from my sight, and bear him to a dun-
Perdiccas, give this lion to a lion.— [geon.
None speak for him ; fly ; stop his mouth, away.

[*Exeunt* Lysi. Perd. and Guards.

Clyt. This comes of women—the result of love.
Yet were I heated now with wine, I doubt.
I should be preaching in this fools behalf.

Alex. Come hither, Clytus, and my friend Hephestion ;
Lend me your arms ; for I am sick o'the sudden. [320
I fear, betwixt Statira's cruel vows,
And fond Roxana's arts, your king will fall.

Clyt. Better the race of women were destroyed,
And Persia sunk in everlasting ruin.

Heph. Look up, my lord, and bend not thus your head,
As if you purpos'd to forsake the world,
Which you have greatly won.

Alex. Wou'd I had not ;
There's no true joy in such unwieldly fortune.
Eternal gazers lasting troubles make ;
All find my spots, but few observe my brightness.
Stand from about me all, and give me air !
Yes, I will shake this Cupid from my soul ;
I'll fright the feeble god with wars alarms,
Or drown his pow'r in floods of hostile blood.
Grant me, great Mars, once more in arms to shine,
And break, like lightning, through th' embattled line ;
O'er fields of death to whirl the rapid car,
And blaze amidst the thunder of the war,
Resistless as the bolt that rends the grove ;—
Or greatly perish, like the son of Jove.

[*Exeunt.*

END OF THE SECOND ACT.

ACT

46 ALEXANDER THE GREAT.

A C T . III.

SCENE 1.—A SQUARE BEFORE THE PALACE.

Trumpets sounding a dead march. Lysimachus led prisoner, Parfatis, Eumenes, Perdiccas, and Guards.

Par. STAY, my Lysimachus ! a moment stay !
Oh, whither art thou going ?—Hold a moment !
Unkind ! thou know'st my life was wrapt in thine,
Why would'st thou then to worse than death expose me ?

Lyf. Oh, may'st thou live in joys without alloy !
Grant it, ye gods ! a better fortune waits thee ;
Live and enjoy it—'tis my dying wish ;
While to the grave the lost Lysimachus—
Alone retires, and bids the world adieu.

Pari. Even in that grave will Parfatis join thee ;
Yes, cruel man ! not death itself shall part us ;
A mother's pow'r, a sister's soft'ning tears,
With all the fury of a tyrant's frown,
Shall not compel me to outlive thy loss.

Lyf. Were I to live till nature's self decay'd,
This wond'rous waste of unexampled love
I never could repay—Oh, Parfatis !
Thy charms might fire a coward into courage ;
How must they act then on a soul like mine ?
Defenceless and unarm'd, I fight for thee,
And may, perhaps, compel th' astonish'd world,
And force the king, to own that I deserve thee.
Eumenes, take the princess to thy charge :
Away, Perdiccas, all my soul's on fire.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE.

SCENE II.—A PAVILION.

Enter Roxana and Cassander.

Roxa. Deserted ! saidst thou ? for a girl abandon'd !
 A puny girl, made up of watry elements !
 Shall the embrace the god of my desires,
 And triumph in the heart Roxana claims ?
 If I forget it, may it thou, Jove, deprive me
 Of vengeance, make me the most wretched thing
 On earth, while living, and when dead, the lowest
 And blackest of the fiends !

Cass. Oh, nobly said !
 Just is the vengeance which inflames your soul ;
 Your wrongs demand it—but let reason govern ;
 This wild rage, else, may disappoint your aims.

Roxa. Away, away, and give a whirlwind room ;
 Pride, indignation, fury, and contempt,
 War in my breast, and torture me to madness !

Cass. Oh, think not I would check your boldest flights ;
 No—I approve 'em, and will aid your vengeance.
 But, princess, let us chuse the safest course,
 Or we may give our foes new cause of triumph,
 Should they discover, and prevent our purpose.

Roxa. Fear not, Cassander ; nothing shall prevent it ;
 Roxana dooms him, and her voice is fate.
 My soul, from childhood, has aspir'd to empire ;
 In early non-age I was us'd to reign
 Among my she-companions : I despis'd
 The trifling arts, and little wiles of women,
 And taught 'em, with an Amazonian spirit,
 To wind the steed, to chase the foaming boar,
 And conquer man, the lawless, charter'd savage.

Cass. Her words, her looks, her every motion fires me !
Roxa. But when I heard of Alexander's fame,
 How, with a handful, he had vanquish'd millions,
 Spoil'd all the East, and captive held our queens ;
 While, like a god, unconquer'd by their charms,
 With heavenly pity he alluag'd their woes,
 Dry'd up their tears, and sooth'd them into peace ;
 I hung attentive on my father's lips,
 And wish'd him tell the wond'rous tale again.
 No longer pleasing were my former sports ;

Love

Love had its turn, and all the woman reign'd.
 Involuntary sighs heav'd in my breast,
 And glowing blushes crimson'd on my cheek ;
 Ev'n in my humours I have often mourn'd
 In plaintive sounds, and murmur'd Alexander.

Cass. Curse on his name ! — she doats upon him still.

Roxa. At length this conqueror to Zogdia came,
 And, 'cover'd o'er with laurels, storm'd the city ;
 But, Oh, Cassander ! where shall I find words
 To paint the extatic transports of my soul !
 When, midst a circle of unrivall'd beauties,
 I saw myself distinguish'd by the hero ?
 With artless rapture I receiv'd his vows,
 The warmest, sure, that ever lover breath'd,
 Of fervent love, and everlasting truth.

Cass. And need you then be told, those times are past ?
 Statira now engrosses all his thoughts :
 The Persian queen, without a rival, reigns
 Sole mistress of his heart — nor can thy charms,
 The brightest, sure, that ever woman boasted,
 Nor all his vows of everlasting love,
 Secure Roxana from disdain and insult.

Roxa. Oh, thou hast rous'd the lion in my soul !
 Ha ! shall the daughter of Darius hold him ?
 No, 'tis resolv'd ; I will resume my sphere,
 Or, falling, spread a general ruin round me.
 Roxana and Statira ; they are names
 That must for ever jar, like clashing clouds,
 When they encounter, thunders must ensue.

Cass. Behold, she comes, in all the pomp of sorrow,
 Determin'd to fulfil her solemn vow ! [They retire.

Roxa. Away, and let us mark th' important scene,

Enter Sysigambis and Statira.

Sys. Oh, my Statira, how has passion chang'd thee !
 Think, in the rage of disappointed love,
 If treated thus, and hurried to extremes,
 What Alexander may denounce against us ;
 Against the poor remains of lost Darius.

Stat. Oh, fear not that ! I know he will be kind,
 For my sake kind, to you and Parisatis.
 Tell him, I rail'd not at his falsehood to me,

But

But with my parting breath spoke kindly of him ;
Tell him, I wept at our divided loves,
And sighing sent a last forgiveness to him.

Sysi. No, I can ne'er again presume to meet him,
Never approach the much-wrong'd Alexander,
If thou refuse to see him—Oh, Statira !
Thy aged mother, and thy weeping country,
Claim thy regard, and challenge thy compassion :
Hear us, my child, and lift us from despair.

Stat. Thus low, I cast me at your royal feet,
To bathe them with my tears ; or, if you please,
I'll let out life, and wash 'em with my blood.
But, I conjure you, not to rack my soul,
Nor hurry my wild thoughts to perfect madness :
Should now Darius' awful ghost appear,
And you, my mother, stand beseeching by,
I would persist to death, and keep my vow.

Roxa. This fortitude of soul compels my wonder.

Sysi. Hence, from my sight ! ungrateful wretch, begone !
And hide thee where bright virtue never shone ;
For, in the sight of Heaven, I here renounce,
And cast thee off an alien to my blood. [Exit *Sysi.*

Exit Cassander, and Roxana comes forward.

Roxa. Forgive, great queen, th' intrusion of a stranger ;
With grief Roxana sees Statira weep,
I've heard, and much applaud your fix'd resolve,
To quit the world for Alexander's sake ;
And yet I fear, so greatly he adores you,
That he will rather chuse to die of sorrow,
Than live for the despis'd Roxana's charms.

Stat. Spare, Madam, spare your counterfeited fears ;
You know your beauty, and have prov'd its pow'r ;
Tho' humbly born, have you not captive held,
In love's soft chains, the conqueror of the world ?
Away to libertines, and boast thy conquest ;
A shameful conquest !—In his hours of riot,
When wine prevail'd, and virtue lost its influence,
Then, only then, Roxana could surprise
My Alexander's heart.

Roxa. Affected girl ! To some romantic grove's sequester'd gloom,
Thy sickly virtue wou'd, it seems, retire,
To shun the triumphs of a favour'd rival.

In vain thou fliest—for there, ev'n there I'll haunt thee ;
 Plague thee all day, and torture thee all night :
 There shalt thou learn, in what extatic joys
 Roxana revels with the first of men ;
 And, as thou hear'st the rapt'rous scene recited,
 With frantic jealousy thou'l madly curse
 Thy own weak charms, that could not fix the rover.

Stat. How weak is woman ! at the storm she shrinks,
 Dreads the drawn sword, and trembles at the thunder ;
 Yet, when strong jealousy inflames her soul,
 The sword may glitter, and the tempest roar,
 She scorns the danger, and provokes her fate.
 Rival, I thank thee—Thou hast fir'd my soul,
 And rais'd a storm beyond thy pow'r to lay ;
 Soon shalt thou tremble at the dire effects,
 And curse, too late, the folly that undid thee.

Roxa. Sure the disdain'd Statira dares not mean it.
Stat. By all my hopes of happiness I dare :
 And know, proud woman, what a mother's threats,
 A sister's sighs, and Alexander's tears,
 Could not effect, thy rival rage has done.
 I'll see the king, in spite of all I swore,
 Though curs'd, that thou may'st never see him more.

Enter Alexander, Hephestion, Clytus, Polyperchon, Perdiccas, Thessalus, Eumenes, and Guards.

Alex. Oh, my Statira ! thou relentless fair !
 Turn thine eyes on me—I would talk to them.
 What shall I say to work upon thy soul ?
 What words, what looks, can melt thee to forgiveness ?

Stat. Talk of Roxana, and the conquer'd Indies,
 Thy great adventures, thy successful love,
 And I will listen to the rapt'rous tale ;
 But rather shun me, shun a desperate wretch,
 Resign'd to sorrow, and eternal woe.

Alex. Oh, I could die, with transport, die before thee ;
 Would'st thou but, as I lay convuls'd in death,
 Cast a kind look, or drop a tender tear ;—
 Say but, 'twas pity one so fam'd in arms,
 One who has 'scap'd a thousand deaths in battle,
 For the first fault should fall a wretched victim
 To jealous anger, and offended love.

Rox.

Rox. Am I then fall'n so low in thy esteem,
That for another thou wouldest rather die,
Than live for me? — How am I alter'd, tell me,
Since last at ~~usa~~, with repeated oaths,
You ~~wore~~ the conquest of the world afforded
Less joy, less glory, than Roxana's love?

Alex. Take, take that conquer'd world, dispose of
And canton ont the empires of the globe; [crowns,
But leave me, Madam, with repentant tears,
And undissembled sorrows, to atone
The wrongs I've offer'd to this injur'd excellence.

Roxa. Yes, I will go, ungrateful as thou art!
Bane to my life, and murd'rer of my peace,
I will be gone; this last disdain has cur'd me —
But have a care — I warn you not to trust me;
Or, by the gods, that witness to thy perjuries,
I'll raile a fire that shall consume you both,
Tho' I partake the ruin.

Stat. Alexander! — Oh, is it possible?
Immortal gods! can guilt appear so lovely?
Yet, yet I pardon, I forgive thee all.

Alex. Forgive me all! Oh, catch the heavenly sounds,
Catch 'em, ye winds, and, as you fly, disperse
The rapt'rous tidings through the extended world,
That all may share in Alexander's joy!

Stat. Yes, dear deceiver, I forgive thee all,
But longer dare not hear thy charming tongue;
For while I hear thee, my resolves give way:
Be therefore quick, and take thy last farewell;
Farewell, my love — Eternally farewell!

Alex. Go then, inhuman, triumph in my pains,
Feed on the pangs that rend this wretched heart;
For now 'tis plain you never lov'd. — Statira! —
Oh, I could sound that charming, cruel name,
Till the tir'd echo faint with repetition;
Till all the breathless groves, and quiet myrtles,
Shook with my sighs, as if a tempest bow'd 'em;
Ever Statira, nothing but Statira!

Stat. Such were his looks, so melting was his voice,
Such were his sighs, and his deluding vows,
When his soft whispers trembled through my ears,
And told the story of my utter ruin.

Gods

Gods ! if I stay, I shall again believe.

Farewel, thou greatest pleasure, greatest pain !

Alex. I charge ye, stay her ; stay her ;—by the Gods,—
Oh, my Statira !—(*Kneels.*)
I swear, my queen, I'll not out-live our parting :
My soul grows still as death.—Say, wilt thou pardon ?—
'Tis all I ask ;—wilt thou forgive the transports
Of a deep-wounded heart, and all is well ?

Stat. Rise ; and may Heav'n forgive you, like Statira !

Alex. You are too gracious—Clytus, bear me hence.—
When I am laid i'th' earth, yield her the world.—
There's something here, that heaves as cold as ice,
That stops my breath.—Farewel, farewell for ever !

Stat. Hold off, and let me run into his arms :
My life, my love, my lord, my Alexander !
If thy Statira's love can give thee joy,
Revive, and be immortal as the gods.

Alex. My flutt'ring heart, tumultuous with its bliss,
Would leap into thy bosom ; 'tis too much.
Oh, let me press thee in my eager arms,
And strain thee hard to my transported breast !

Stat. But shall Roxana—

Alex. Let her not be nam'd.
Oh, how shall I repay you for this goodness ?
And you, my fellow warriors, who could grieve
For your lost king ? But talk of griefs no more ;
The banquet waits, and I invite you all ;
My equals in the throne, as in the grave,
Without distinction come, and share my joys.

Clyt. Excuse me, Sir, if I for once am absent.

Alex. Excuse thee, Clytus ! None shall be excus'd.
All revel out the day, 'tis my command ;
Gay as the Persian god, ourself will stand,
With a crown'd goblet in our lifted hand ;
Young Ammon and Statira shall go round,
While antic measures beat the burthen'd ground,
And to the vaulted skies our trumpets clangors sound.

[*Exeunt.* }

END OF THE THIRD ACT.

ACT

A C T IV.

SCENE I.—A SQUARE BEFORE THE PALACE.

Enter Clytus, Hephestion, and Perdiccas.

Clyt. URGE me no more; I hate the Persian dress;
Nor should the king be angry at the rev'rence
I owe my country—sacred are her customs,
And honest Clytus will to death observe 'em.
Oh! let me rot in Macedonian rags,
Or, like Calisthenes, be cag'd for life,
Rather than shine in fashions of the East.

Perd. Let me, brave Clytus, as a friend intreat you.

Heph. What virtue is there that adorns a throne,
Exalts the heart, and dignifies the man,
Which shines not brightly in our royal master?
And yet perversely you'll oppose his will,
And thwart an innocent unhurtful humour.

Clyt. Unhurtful! Oh! 'tis monstrous affectation,
Pregnant with venom, in its nature black,
And not to be excus'd!—Shall man, weak man,
Exact the rev'rence which we pay to Heaven,
And bid his fellow-creatures kneel before him,
And yet be innocent? Hephestion, no;
The pride that lays a claim to adoration,
Insults our reason, and provokes the gods.

Perd. Yet what was Jove, the god whom we adore?
Was he not once a man, and rais'd to Heaven
For gen'rous acts, and virtues more than human?

Heph. By all his thunder, and his sov'reign pow'r,
I'll not believe the world yet ever felt
An arm like Alexander's—Not that god
You nam'd, though riding in a car of fire,
Could in a shorter space do greater deeds;
Or more effectually have taught mankind,
To bend submissive, and confess his sway.

Clyt. I tell you, boy, that Clytus loves the king
As well as you, or any soldier here,
Yet I disdain to sooth his growing pride;
The hero charms me, but the god offends.

Heph.

Heph. Then go not to the banquet.

Clyt. Why, I was bid,

Young minion, was I not, as well as you ?
I'll go, my friends, in this old habit, thus,
And laugh, and drink the king's health heartily ;
And while you, blushing, bow your heads to earth,
And hide them in the dust,—I'll stand erect,
Straight as a spear, the pillar of my country,
And be by so much nearer to the gods.

Heph. But see, the king appears.

Enter Alexander, Statira, Parisatis, Thessalus, Eumenes, and Guards.

Pari. Oh, gracious monarch !
Spare him, Oh, spare Lysimachus his life !
I know you will — the brave delight in mercy.

Alex. Shield me, Statira, shield me from her sorrows.

Pari. Save him, Oh, save him, ere it be too late,
Speak the kind word, let not your soldier perish,
For one rash action, by despair occasion'd.
I'll follow thus for ever on my knees ;

You shall not pass. Statira, Oh, intreat him !

Alex. Oh, Madam, take her, take her from about me ;
Her streaming eyes assail my very soul,
And shake my best resolves.

Stat. Did I not break
Through all for you ? Nay, now, my lord, you must.
By all th' obedience I have paid you long,
By all your passion, sighs, and tender looks,
Oh, save a prince, whose only crime is love.
I had not join'd this bold suit, my lord,
But that it adds new lustre to your honour.

Alex. Honour ! what's that ? Has not Statira said it ? —
Fly, Clytus, snatch him from the jaws of death,
And to the royal banquet bring him straight,
Bring him in triumph, fit for loads of honour.

[*Exeunt Clytus, Hephestion, and Parisatis.*

Stat. Why are you thus beyond expression kind ?
Oh, my lov'd lord, my fond, my raptur'd heart,
By gratitude and love at once inflam'd,

With

With wild emotion flutters in my breast ;
Oh, teach it then, instruct it how to thank you !

Alex. Excellent woman !
'Tis not in nature to support such joy.

Stat. Go, my best love ; unbend you at the banquet ;
Indulge in joy, and laugh your cares away ;
While, in the bowers of great Semiramis,
I dress your bed with all the sweets of nature,
And crown it, as the altar of our loves ;
Where I will lay me down, and softly mourn,
But never close my eyes, till you return.

[*Exit. Stat.*]

Alex. Is she not more than mortal can desire !
As Venus lovely, and as Dian chaste !
And yet, I know not why, our parting shocks me ;
A ghastly paleness sat upon her brow ;
Her voice, like dying echoes, fainter grew ;
And, as I wrung her by the rosy fingers,
Methought the strings of my great heart were crack'd.
What could it mean ? Forward, Laomedon.

Enter Roxana, Cassander, and Polyperchon.

Why, Madam, gaze you thus ?

Roxa. For a last look,
And to imprint the memory of my wrongs,
Roxana's wrongs, on Alexander's mind.

Alex. On to the banquet.

[*Exeunt Alexander and his Train.*]

Roxa. Ha ! with such disdain !
So unconcern'd ! Oh, I could tear myself,
Him, you, and all the hateful world to atoms.

Cass. Still keep this spirit up, preserve it still,
And know us for your friends. We like your rage ;
'Tis lovely in you, and your wrongs require it ;
Here, in the fight of Heaven, Cassander swears,
Una w'd by death, to second your revenge.
Speak but the word, and, swift as thought can fly,
The tyrant falls a victim to your fury.

Roxa. Shall he then die ? Shall I consent to kill him ?
I, that have lov'd him with that eager fondness,
I shall consent to have him basely murder'd,

And

And see him clasp'd in the cold arms of death? Worlds should not tempt me to the deed of horror.

Poly. The weak fond scruples of your love might pass; Were not the empire of the world concern'd: But, Madam, think, when time shall teach his tongue, How will the glorious infant, which you bear, Arraign his partial mother, for refusing To fix him on the throne, which here we offer?

Cass. If Alexander lives, you cannot reign, Nor will your child. Old ysigambis plans Your sure destruction. Boldly then prevent her; Give but the word, and Alexander dies.

Poly. Not he alone, the Persian race shall bleed; At your command, one universal ruin Shall, like a deluge, whelm the eastern world, Till gloriously we raise you to the throne.

Roxa. But, till the mighty ruin be accomplish'd Where can Roxana fly th' avenging wrath Of those who must succeed this godlike man?

Cass. Would you vouchsafe, in these expanded arms To seek a refuge, what could hurt you here? Here you might reign, with undiminish'd lustre, Queen of the East, and empress of my soul.

Roxa. Disgrac'd Roxana! whither art thou fallen? Till this curs'd hour, I never was unhappy; There's not one mark of former majesty To awe the slave that offers at my honour.

Cass. Impute not, Madam, my unbounded passion To want of rev'rence—I have lov'd you long.

Roxa. Peace, villain, peace, and let me hear no more. Think'st thou I'd leave the bosom of a god, And stoop to thee, thou moving piece of earth? Hence, from my sight, and never more presume To meet my eyes; for, mark me, if thou dar'st, To Alexander I'll unfold thy treason; Whose life, in spite of all his wrongs to me, Shall still be sacred, and above thy malice.

Cass. (Kneels) By your own life, the greatest oath, I swear, Cassander's passion from this hour is dumb; And, as the best atonement I can make, Statira dies, the victim of your vengeance.

Roxa.

Roxa. Cassander, rise ; 'tis ample expiation.
Yes, rival, yes ; this night shall be thy last ;
This night, I know, is destin'd for thy triumph,
And gives my Alexander to thy arms.

Oh, murd'rous thought !

Poly. The bow'rs of great Semiramis are made
The scene of love ; Perdiccas holds the guard.

Cass. Now is your time, while Alexander revels,
And the whole court re-echoes with his riot,
To end her, and with her to end your fears.
Give me but half the Zogdian slaves that wait you,
And deem her dead : nor shall a soul escape,
That serves your rival, to disperse the news.

Roxa. By me they die, Perdiccas and Statira ;
Hence with thy aid, I neither ask nor want it,
But will myself conduct the slaves to battle.
Were she to fall by any arm but mine,
Well might she murmur, and arraign her stars ;
'Tis life well lost, to die by my command ;
What must it be, to perish by my hand ?
Rival, rejoice, and, pleas'd, resign thy breath,
Roxana's vengeance grants thee noble death.—*Exit Roxa.*

Cass. All but her Jove, this Semele despairs.
We must be quick — She may, perhaps, betray
The great design, and frustrate our revenge.

Poly. Has Philip got instruction how to act ?

Cass. He has, my friend ; and, faithful to our cause,
Resolves to execute the fatal order.
Bear him this phial ; it contains a poison
Of that exalted force, that deadly nature,
Should Æsculapius drink it, in an hour,
For then it works, the god himself were mortal ;
I drew it from Nonacris' horrid spring :
Miz'd with his wine, a single drop gives death,
And sends him howling to the shades below.

Poly. I know its power, for I have seen it try'd
Pains of all sorts through every nerve and artery
At once it scatters ; burns at once and freezes ;
Till, by extremity of torture forc'd,
The soul consent to leave her joyless home,
And seek for ease in worlds unknown to this.

Cass. Now let us part:—with Thessalus and Philip
Haste to the banquet; at his second call,
Let this be given him, and it crowns our hopes. [Ex. Poly.
Now, Alexander, now, we shall be quits;
Death for a blow is interest indeed. [Ex.]

SCENE II

THE PALACE.

Alexander, Perdiccas, Polyperchon, Cassander, Thessalus,
Eumenes, Guards, &c. discovered at a banquet.

[A flourish of Trumpets, Drums, &c.]

Alex. To our immortal health, and our fair queen's!—
All drink it deep; and, while the bowl goes round,
Mars and Bellona join to make us music;
A hundred bulls be offer'd to the sun,
White as his beams; speak the big voice of war;
Strike all our drums, and sound our silver trumpets;
Provoke the gods to follow our example
In bowls of nectar, and replying thunder,

[Flourish of Trumpets, Drums, &c.]

Enter Clytus, Hephestion, and Lysimachus bloody.

Clyt. Long live the king; long live great Alexander;
And conquest crown his arms with deathless laurels,
Propitious to his friends, and all be favours!

Alex. Did I not give command you should preserv'e
Lysimachus?

Heph. Dread Sir, you did.

Alex. What then

Portend these bloody marks?

Heph. Ere we arriv'd,
Perdiccas had already plac'd the prince
In a lone court, all but his hands unarm'd.

Clyt. On them were gauntlets; such was his desire,
In death to shew the difference betwixt
The blood of Eacus, and common men.
Forth issuing from his den, amaz'd we saw
The horrid savage, with whose hideous roar
The palace shook; his angry eye-balls, glaring
With triple fury, menac'd death and ruin.

Heph.

ALEXANDER THE GREAT.

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Heph. With unconcern the gallant prince advanced,
Now, Parisatis, be the glory thine,
But mine the danger, were his only words;
For, as he spoke, the furious beast descried him,
And rush'd outrageous to devour his prey.

Clyt. Agile and vigorous, he avoids the shock
With a slight wound; and, as the lion turn'd,
Thrust gauntlet, arm, and all into his throat,
And, with Herculean strength, tears forth the tongue;
Foaming and bloody, the disabled savage
Sunk to the earth, and ploughed it with his teeth;
While, with an active bound, your conqu'ring soldier
Leap'd on his back, and dash'd his scull in pieces.

Alex. By all my laurels, 'twas a godlike act;
And 'tis my glory, as it shall be thine,
That Alexander could not pardon thee.
Oh, my brave soldier, think not all the pray'rs
And tears of the lamenting queens could move me
Like what thou hast perform'd! Grow to my breast.

Lysi. Thus self-condemn'd, and conscious of my guilt,
How shall I stand such unexampled goodness!
Oh, pardon, Sir, the transports of despair,
The frantic outrage, of ungovern'd love!
Even when I shew'd the greatest want of reverence,
I could have died with rapture in your service.

Alex. Lysimachus, we both have been transported;
But from this hour be certain of my heart.
A lion be the impress of thy shield;
And that gold armour, we from Porus won,
Thy king presents thee—But thy wounds ask rest.

Lysi. I have no wounds, dread Sir; or, if I had,
Were they all mortal, they should stream unminded,
When Alexander was the glorious health.

Alex. Thy hand, Hephestion. Clasp him to thy heart,
And wear him ever near thee. Parisatis
Shall now be his who serves me best in war.
Neither reply; but mark the charge I give;
Live, live as friends; you will; you must; you shall;
'Tis a god gives you life.

Clyt. Oh, monstrous vanity!

Alex. Ha! what says Clytus? who am I?

Clyt. The son
Of good king Philip.
Alex. By my kindred gods,
'Tis false:—Great Ammon gave me birth.
Clyt. I've done.

Alex. Clytus, what means that dress? Give him a robe
Take it, and wear it. [there.

Clyt. Sir, the wine, the weather
Has heated me; besides, you know my humour.
Alex. Oh! 'tis not well! I'd rather perish, burn,
Than be so singular and froward.

Clyt. So would I—
Burn, hang, or drown; but in a better cause.
I'll drink, or fight, for sacred majesty
With any here. Fill me another bowl.
Will you excuse me?

Alex. You will be excused.
But let him have his humour; he is old.

Clyt. So was your father, Sir; this to his mem'ry [—
Sound all the trumpets there.

Alex. They shall not sound
Till the king drinks. Sure, I was born to wage
Eternal war!—All are my enemies,
Whom I could tame—But let the sports go on.

Lyf. Nay, Clytus, you that could advise so well—
Alex. Let him perfis, be positive, and proud,

Envious and sullen 'mongst the nobler souls,
Like an infernal spirit that hath stolen
From hell, and mingled with the mirth of gods.

Clyt. When gods grow hot, no difference I know
'Twixt them and devils—Fill me Greek wine; yet,
Yet fuller; I want spirits.

Alex. Let me have music.

Clyt. Music for boys—Clytus would hear the groans
Of dying soldiers and the neigh of steeds;
Or, if I must be pester'd with shrill sounds,
Give me the cries of matrons in sack'd towns.

Heph. Let us, Lyfimachus, awake the king;
A heavy gloom is gathering on his brow.
Kneel all, with humblest adoration kneel,
And let a health to Jove's great son go round.

Alex. Sound, sound, that all the universe may hear.

Oh,

Oh, for the voice of Jove ! the world should know

[*A loud flourish of trumpets.*]

The kindness of my people.—Rise, Oh, rise ;—
My hands, my arms, my heart, are ever your's.

Clyt. I did not kiss the earth, nor must your hand ;
I am unworthy, Sir.

Alex. Thou art, indeed !—

Thou enviest the great honour of thy master.—
Sit, all my friends.—Now let us talk of war ;
The noblest subject for a soldier's mouth ;
And speak, speak freely, else you love me not,
Who, think you, was the greatest general
That ever led an army to the field ?

Heph. A chief so great, so fortunately brave,
And justly so renown'd as Alexander,
The radiant sun, since first his beams gave light,
Never yet saw.

Lyfi. Such was not Cyrus, nor the fam'd Alcides,
Nor great Achilles, whose tempestuous sword
Laid Troy in ashes, though the warring gods
Oppos'd him.

Alex. Oh, you flatter me ! you flatter me !

Clyt. They do indeed ; and yet you love 'em for't ;

But hate old Clytus for his hardy virtue.—

Come, shall I speak a man, with equal bravery,

A better general, and experter soldier ?

Alex. Instruct me, Sir : I should be glad to learn.

Clyt. Your father, Philip.—I have seen him march,

And fought beneath his dreadful banner, where

The boldest at this table would have trembled.—

Nay, frown not, Sir ; you cannot look me dead.—

When Greeks join'd Greeks, then was the tug of war,

The labour'd battle sweat, and conquest bled.

Why should I fear to speak a bolder truth,

Than e'er the lying priests of Ammon told you ?

Philip fought men, but Alexander women.

Alex. Proud spite, and burning envy, by the gods !

Is then my glory come to this at last,

To conquer women ! Nay, he said, the stoutest,

The stoutest here wou'd tremble at his dangers.

In all the sickness, all the wounds, I bore,

When from my reins the javelin's head was cut,

Lyfinachus

Lysimachus, Hephestion, speak, Perdiccas,
Did I once tremble?—Oh, the cursed falsehood!—
Did I once shake or groan? or act beneath
The dauntless resolution of a king?

Lys. Wine has transported him.

Alex. No, 'tis meer malice.—

I was a woman too at Oxydrace,
When, planting on the walls a scaling ladder,
I mounted, spight of show'rs of stones, bars, arrows,
And all the lumber which they thunder'd down;
When you beneath cry'd out, and spread you arms,
That I should leap among you, did I so?

Lys. Dread Sir, the old man know's not what he says.

Alex. Was I a woman, when, like Mercury,
I leap'd the walls and flew amidst the foe,
And, like a baited lion, dy'd myself
All over in the blood of those bold hunters;
Till, spent with toil, I battled on my knees,
Pluck'd forth the darts that made my shield a foref^t,
And hurl'd 'em back with most unconquer'd fury!—
Then, shining in my arms, I sunn'd the field,
Mov'd, spoke, and fought, and was myself a war.

Clyt. 'Twas all bravado; for, before you leap'd,
You saw that I had burst the gates asunder.

Alex. Oh, that thou wert but young again and vig'rous,
That I might strike thee prostrate to the earth
For this audacious lie, thou feeble dotard!

Clyt. I know the reason, why you use me thus.
I sav'd you from the sword of bold Rhesaces,
Else had your godship slumber'd in the dust;
And most ungratefully you hate me for it.

Alex. Hence from the banquet!—Thus far I forgive thee.

Clyt. First try, for none can want forgiveness more,
To have your own bold blasphemies forgiven,
The shameful riots of a vicious life,
Philotas' murder—

Alex. Ha! what said the traitor!

Heph. Glytus, withdraw; Eumenes, force him hence;
He must not tarry. Drag him to the door.

Cyt. No, let him send me, if I must begone,
To Philip, Attalus, Calisthenes,
To great Parmenio, and his slaughter'd sons.

Alex.

Alex. Give me a javelin.

Lys. Hold, mighty Sir.

Alex. Sirrah ! off,

Left I at once strike through his heart and thine.

Heph. Oh, sacred Sir, have but a moment's patience !

Alex. What ! Hold my arms ? I shall be murder'd here,
Like poor Darius, by my barb'rous subjects.

Perdiccas, sound our trumpets to the camp ;

Call all my soldiers to the court. Nay, haste ;

For there is treason plotting 'gainst my life,

And I shall perish ere they come to slay me. [Exit Perdic.

Where is the traitor ?

Clyt. Sure there's none amongst us ;

But here I stand—honest Clytus ! —

Whom the king invited to the banquet.

Alex. Begone to Philip, Attalus, Callisthenes ; [Stabs him.

And let bold subjects learn, by thy example,

Not to provoke the patience of their prince.

Clyt. The rage of wine is drown'd in gushing blood

Oh, Alexander ! I have been to blame ;

Hate me not after death ; for I repent,

That I so far have urg'd your noble nature.

Alex. What's this I hear ! Say on, my dying soldier.

Clyt. I shou'd have kill'd myself, had I but liv'd

To be once sober ; now I fall with honour ;

My own hands wou'd have brought foul death. Oh,

pardon ! [Dies.

Alex. Then I am lost ! What has my vengeance done !

Who is it thou hast slain ? Clytus ! —what was he ?

The faithfulest subject, worthiest counsellor,

The bravest soldier ! He who sav'd thy life,

Fighting bare-headed at the river Granick ; —

And now he has a noble recompence !

For a rash word, spoke in the heat of wine,

The poor, the honest Clytus thou hast slain ;

Clytus, thy friend, thy guardian, thy preserver !

Heph. Remove the body, it inflames his sorrow.

Alex. None dare to touch him ; we must never part.

Cruel Hephestion and Lysimachus,

That had the power, yet wou'd not hold me ! —Oh !

Lys. Dear Sir, we did.

Alex. I know ye did ; ye held me

Like

Like a wild beast, to let me go again
 With greater violence.—Oh, ye've undone me !
 Excuse it not,—you that cou'd stop a lion,
 Cou'd not turn me ?—ye should have drawn your swords,
 And barr'd my rage with their advancing points;
 Made reason glitter in my dazzled eyes,
 Till I had seen the precipice before me ;
 That had been noble, that had shewn the friend.
 Clytus wou'd so have done to save your lives.

Lys. When men shall hear how highly you were urg'd—

Alex. No ; you have let me stain my rising glory,
 Which else had ended brighter than the sun.
 Oh, I am all a blot, which seas of tears,
 And my heart's blood, can never wash away ;
 Yet 'tis but just I try, and on the point,
 Still reeking, hurl my black polluted breast,

Heph. Oh, sacred Sir—it shall not—must not be.

Lys. Forgive, dread Sir, forgive my pious hands,
 That dare, in duty, to disarm my master.

Alex. Yes, cruel men, ye now can shew your strength ;
 Here's not a slave, but dares oppose my justice,
 Yet none had courage to prevent this murder.
 But I will render all endeavours vain,
 That tend to save my life—Here will I lie,
 Close to my murder'd soldier's bleeding side,
 Thus clasping his cold body in my arms,
 Till death has clos'd my eyes, like his, for ever.

Enter Perdiccas.

Perd. Treason ! foul treason ! Hephestion, where's the king ?

Heph. There, by old Clytus' side, whom he hath slain.

Perd. Rise, sacred Sir, and haste to save the queen :
 Roxana, fill'd with furious jealousy,
 Came with a guard, unmark'd : she gain'd the bow'r,
 And broke upon me with such sudden fury,
 That all have perish'd who oppos'd her rage.

Alex. What says Perdiccas ? Is the queen in danger ?

Perd. Haste, Sir, to your Statira, or she dies.

Alex. Thus from the grave I rise to save her life.—

All

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All draw your swords, on wings of lightning move,
Young Ammon leads you, and the cause is love ;
When I rush on, sure none will dare to stay,
'Tis beauty calls, and glory leads the way. [Exitus.]

Flourish of Trumpets, Drums, &c.

A C T V.

SCENE I.

THE GARDENS OF SEMIRAMIS.

Statira discovered asleep.

Stat. BLESS me, ye pow'r's above, and guard my virtue !
Where are you fled, dear shades ? Where are you ?
'Twas but a dream ; and yet I saw and heard [fled ?]
My royal parents, who, while pious care
Sat on their faded cheeks, pronounce'd with tears,
Tears such as angels weep, this hour my last.
But hence with fear—my Alexander comes,
And fear and danger ever fled from him.
My Alexander !—Wou'd that he were here !
For, Oh, I tremble, and a thousand terrors
Rush in upon me, and alarm my heart.

Flourish of Trumpets.

But hark, 'tis he, and all my fears are fled ;
My life, my joy, my Alexander comes.

Rox. [Within] Make fast the gate with all its massive bars ;
At length we've conquer'd this stupendous height,
And reach'd the grove.

Stat. Ye guardian gods, defend me !
Roxana's voice ! Then all the vision's true,
And die I must.

F

Enter

Enter Roxana.

Roxa. Secure the brazen gate.
Where is my rival? 'tis Roxana calls.

Stat. And what is she, who, with such tow'ring pride,
Wou'd awe a princefs that is born above her?

Roxa. Behold this dagger!—'Tis thy fate, Statira!
Behold, and meet it as becomes a queen.
Fain wou'd I find thee worthy of my vengeance;
Here, take my weapon then; and, if thou dar'st—

Stat. How little know'st thou what Statira dares!
Yes, cruel woman! yes, I dare meet death
With a resolve, at which thy coward heart
Wou'd shrink; for terror haunts the guilty mind;
While conscious innocence, that knows no fear,
Can smiling pass, and scorn thy idle threats.

Roxa. Return, fair insolent! return, I say.
Dar'st thou, presumptuous, to invade my rights?
Restore him quickly to my longing arms,
And with him give me back his broken vows,
For, perjur'd as he is, he still is mine,
Or I will rend him from thy bleeding heart.

Stat. Alas, Roxana, 'tis not in my power;
I cannot if I would—And, oh, ye gods,
What were the world to Alexander's loss!

Roxa. Oh, sorceress, to thy accursed charms
I owe the frenzy that distracts my soul;
To them I owe my Alexander's loss.
Too late thou tremblest at my just revenge,
My wrongs cry out, and vengeance will have way.

[Holds up the dagger.]

Stat. Hold, hold, thy threat'ning hand, advanc'd in air.
I read my sentence written in thy eyes:
Yet, Oh, Roxana, on thy black revenge
One kindly ray of female pity beam,
And give me death in Alexander's presence.

Roxa. Not for the world's wide empire should'st thou
Fool! but for him thou might'st unheeded live; [see him.
For his sake only art thou doom'd to die.

The

The sole remaining joy that glads my soul,
Is to deprive thee of the heart I've lost.

[Flourish of Trumpets.]

Enter a Slave.

Slave. Madam, the king and all his guards are come ;
With frantic rage they thunder at the gate,
And must ere this have gain'd admittance. [Exit Slave.]

Roxa. Ha !

Too long I've trifled ; let me then redeem
The time mispent, and make great vengeance sure.

Stat. Is Alexander, Oh, ye gods, so nigh,
And can he not preserve me from her fury ?

Roxa. Nor he, nor Heav'n, shall shield thee from my
justice.
Die, forc'res, die, and all my wrongs die with thee.

[Stabs her.]

Alex. [Without.] Away, ye slaves, stand off ! — Quick
let me fly
On lightning's wings ; — nor Heav'n, nor earth, shall
stop me.

[Flourish of Trumpets.]

Enter Alexander, Lysimachus, Cassander, Perdiccas,
Thessalus, Officers, and Guards.

Ha ! — Oh, my soul, my queen, my love, Statira !
These wounds ! are these my promis'd joys ?

Stat. Alas !

My only love, my best and dearest blessing,
Wou'd I had died before you enter'd here ;
For thus delighted, while I gaze upon thee,
Death grows more horrid, and I'm loth to leave thee.

Alex. Thou shal't not leave me — Cruel, cruel stars !
Oh, where's the monster, where's the horrid fiend,
That struck at innocence, and murdered thee ?

Roxa. Behold the wretch, who, desperate of thy love,
In jealous madness gave the fatal blow.

Alex. To dungeons, tortures, drag her from my sight.

Stat. My soul is on the wing. Oh, come, my lord,
Haste to my arms, and take a last farewell,
Thus let me die. Oh ! Oh !

Alex.

Alex. Look up my love.—

Oh, Heav'n ! and will you, will you take her from me !

Stat. Farewel, my most lov'd lord ; Ah me, farewel.
Yet, ere I die, grant this request.

Alex. Oh, speak,
That I may execute before I follow thee.

Stat. Leave not the world, till Heav'n demands you.
Spare

Roxana's life.—'T was love of you that caused
The death she gave me. And, Oh, sometimes think,
Amidst your revels, think on your poor queen ;
And, ere the cheerful bowl salute your lips,

Inrich it with a tear, and I am happy.

Alex. Yet, ere thou tak'st thy flight—She's gone,
All, all is hush'd ; no music now is heard ; [she's g one !
The roses wither ; and the fragrant breath,
That wak'd their sweets, shall never wake 'em more.

Roxa. Weep not, my lord ! no sorrow can recal her.
Oh, turn your eyes, and, in Roxana's arms,
You'll find fond love and everlasting truth.

Alex. Hence, from my fight, and thank my dear Statira,
That yet thou art alive.

Roxa. Oh, take me to your arms.
In spight of all your cruelty, I love you :
Yes, thus I'll fasten on your sacred robe ;
Thus, on my knees, for ever cling around you,
Till you forgive me, or till death divide us.

Alex. Hence, fury, hence : there's not a glance of thine,
But, like a basilisk, comes wing'd with death.

Roxa. Oh, speak not thus, to one who kneels for mercy,
Think, for whose sake it was I madly plung'd
Into a crime abhorrent to my nature.

Alex. Off, murd'ress, off ! for ever shun my fight !
My eyes detest thee, for thy soul is ruin.

Roxa. Barbarian ! yes, I will for ever shun thee.
Repeated injuries have steel'd my heart,
And I cou'd curse myself for being kind.
If there is any majesty above,
That has revenge in store for perjur'd love,
Send, Heav'n, the swiftest ruin on his head !
Strike the destroyer ! lay the victor dead !

Kill

Kill the triumper, and avenge my wrong !
 In height of pomp, while he is warm and young,
 Bolted with thunder, let him rush along !
 But what are curses ? Curses will not kill,
 Nor ease the tortures I am doom'd to feel. *[Exit Roxana.]*

Alex. Oh, my fair star, I shall be shortly with thee !
 What means this deadly dew upon my forehead ?
 My heart too heaves ! —

Cass. The poison works !

}

Enter Eumenes.

Eume. Pardon, dread Sir, a fatal messenger.
 The royal Sysigambis is no more.
 Struck with the horror of Statira's fate,
 She soon expir'd, and, with her latest breath,
 Left Parisatis to Lysimachus.
 But what, I fear, most deeply will affect you,
 Your lov'd Hephestion's —

Alex. Dead ! then he is blefs'd !
 But here, here lies my fate. Hephestion ! Clytus !
 My victories all for ever folded up
 In this dear body. Here my banner's lost,
 My standard's triumphs gone.—Oh, when, Oh, when,
 Shall I be mad indeed !
 Go, for the monument of this lov'd creature,
 Root up these bowers, and pave 'em all with gold.
 Draw dry the Ganges, make the Indies poor,
 To deck her tomb : no shrine nor altar spare,
 But strip the pomp from gods to place it there.

[Flourish of Trumpets.]

[Exeunt all but Cassander and Thessalus.]

Cass. He's gone—but whither ?—follow, Thessalus,
 Attend his steps, and let me know what passes.

[Exeunt Thessalus and Cassander.]

SCENE II.

AN ANTICHAMBER IN THE PALACE.

Enter Cassander.

Cass. Vengeance, lie still, thy cravings shall be sated.
 Death roams at large, the furies are unchain'd,
 And murder plays her mighty master-piece.

Enter Polyperchon.

Saw you the King? He parted hence this moment,

Poly. Yes; with disorder'd wildness in his looks,
 He rush'd along, till, with a casual glance,
 He saw me where I stood: then stopping short,
 Draw near, he cry'd—and grasp'd my hand in his,
 Where more than fevers rag'd in ev'ry vein.

Oh, Polyperchon! I have lost my queen!
 Statira's dead!—and, as he spoke, the tears
 Gush'd from his eyes—I more than felt his pains.

*Enter Thessalus.**Theff.* Hence, hence, away!*Cass.* Where is he, Thessalus?

Theff. I left him circled by a crowd of princes.
 The poison tears him with that height of horror,
 Ev'n I cou'd pity him—he call'd the chiefs;
 Embrac'd 'em round—then, starting from amidst 'em,
 Cried out, I come—'twas Ammon's voice; I know it—
 Father, I come; but, let me, ere I go,
 Dispatch the business of a kneeling world.

Poly. No more; I hear him—we must meet anon.

Cass. In Saturn's field—there give a loose to rapture,
 Enjoy the tempest we ourselves have rais'd,
 And triumph in the wreck which crowns our vengeance.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

THE PALACE.

Alexander, Lysimachus, Eumenes, Perdiccas, Officers,
 Guards, and Attendants, discovered.

Alex. Search there; nay, probe me; search my wounded
 Pull, draw it out. [reins, —

Lyf. We have search'd, but find no hurt.*Alex.* Oh, I am shot; a forked burning arrow

Sticks

Sticks cross my shoulders; the sad venom flies,
Like light'ning, thro' my flesh, my blood, my marrow.

Lysi. How fierce his fever!

Alex. Ha! what a change of torments I endure!
A bolt of ice runs hissing through my bowels;
'Tis, sure, the arm of death. Give me a chair;
Cover me, for I freeze, and my teeth chatter,
And my knees knock together.

Eume. Have mercy, Heav'n!

Alex. Who talks of Heav'n?—
I burn, I burn again;—
The war grows wond'rous hot;—hey for the Tygris!
Bear me, Bucephalus, amongst the billows.
Oh, 'tis a noble beast; I wou'd not change him
For the best horse the sun has in his stable;
For they are hot, their mangers full of coals,
Their manes are flakes of lightning, curls of fire,
And their red tails like meteors whisk about.

Lysi. Help all; Eumenes, help.

Alex. Ha, ha, ha, I shall die with laughter.
Parmenio, Clytus, do you see yon fellow,
That ragged soldier, that poor tatter'd Greek?
See, how he puts to flight the gaudy Persians,
With nothing but a rusty helmet on, through which
The grisly bristles of his pushing beard
Drive 'em like pikes—ha! ha! ha!

Perd. How wild he talks!

Lysi. Yet warring in his wildness.

Alex. Sound, sound! keep your ranks close; ay, now they
Oh, the brave din, the noble clank of arms!— [come.
Charge, charge apace; and let the phalanx move;
Darius comes—ay, 'tis Darius;
I see, I know him by the sparkling plumes,
And his gold chariot drawn by ten white horses:
But, like a tempest, thus I pour upon him—
He bleeds; with that last blow I brought him down;
He tumbles, take him, snatch the imperial crown.
They fly, they fly; follow, follow—Victoria,
Victoria, Victoria—

Perd. Let's bear him softly to his bed.

Alex. Hold; the least motion gives me sudden death;

My

My vital spirits are quite parch'd, burnt up,
And all my smoaky entrails turn'd to ashes.

Lyfi. When you, the brightest star that ever shone,
Shall set, it must be night with us for ever.

Alex. Let me embrace you all, before I die.—
Weep not, my dear companions; the good gods
Shall send ye in my stead a nobler prince,
One that shall lead ye forth with matchless conduct.

Lyfi. Break not our hearts with such unkind expressions.

Perd. We will not part with you, nor change for Mars.

Alex. Perdiccas, take this ring,
And see me laid in the temple of Jupiter Ammon.

Lyfi. To whom does your dread majesty bequeath
The empire of the world?

Alex. To him that is most worthy.

Perd. When will you, sacred Sir, that we should give
To your great memory those divine honours
Which such exalted virtue does deserve?

Alex. When you are all most happy, and in peace.
Your hands—Oh, father, if I have discharg'd
The duty of a man to empire born;
If, by unwear'y'd toil, I have deserv'd
The vast renown of thy adopted son,
Accept this soul which thou did'st first inspire,
And which this sigh thus gives thee back again. [Dies.

Lyfi. There fell the pride and glory of the war.
If there be treason let us find it out;
Lysimachus stands forth to lead you on,
And swears, by the se most honour'd dear remains,
He will not taste those joys which beauty brings,
Until he has reveng'd the best of kings.

4 AP. 54

END OF THE FIFTH ACT.